Ile thus your hopes deſtroy, and for further griefe,
God giue you ioy; what, are you both pleaſed?
Thai. Yes, if you loue me ſir.
Per. Euen as my life, or blood that foſters it.
King. What, are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes, if it pleaſe your Maieſty.
King. It pleaſeth me ſo well, that I will ſee you wed,
And then with what haſte you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ſleepe ſlaked hath the rout,
No din but ſnores about the houſe,
Made lowder by the ore-fe beaſt,
Of this moſt pompous marriage feaſt:
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now coutches from the Mouſes hole;
And Cricket ſing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the loſſe of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in ſhew, Ile plaine with ſpeech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a meſſenger meetes them, kneeles, and giues Pericles a letter, Pericles ſhewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thayſa with childe, with Lychorida a Nurſe, the King ſhewes her the Letter, ſhe reioyces: ſhe and Pericles take leaue of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painfull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull ſearch,
By the foure oppoſing Crignes,
Which the world together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horſe and ſaile, and high expence,
Can ſteed the queſt at laſt from *Tyre*,

Fame

Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are letters brought, the tenour theſe:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Hellicanus* would ſet on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutany, he there haſtes t'oppreſſe,
Sayes to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice ſix Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the ſum of this.
Brought hither to *Penlapolis*,
Irony ſhed the Regions round,
And euery one with claps can ſound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of ſuch a thing?
Briefe, he muſt hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with childe, makes her deſire,
VVhich who ſhall croſſe along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurſe ſhe takes,
And ſo to ſea; then veſſell ſhakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune moou'd
Varies againe, the griſlee North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Ducke for life that driues,
So vp and downe the poore ſhip diues:
The Lady ſhreekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in trauaile with her feare:
And what enſues in this ſelfe ſtorme,
Shall for it ſelfe, it ſelfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the reſt conuay;
VVhich might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold: